No. 245.—Vol. XIX.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, August 12, 1908

	PAGE
Frontispiece	315
The World's Pageant	317
A Yanko-Greekish Exhibition	325
Master and Mistress of "King Harry's Revels"	327
The Playhouses	328
Random Jottings	332
Continental Chat	334
The Revolt of the Turkish Woman	336
Our Worldly Short Stories: No. 142.—"The Golden Moment." By W. Dale	341
The Library	347
His Majesty His Own Dairyman	349
A Woman's Note Book	350
Golf Notes and Notions By Ernest Lehmann	353
The £100 Foursome at Budleigh Salterton	354
Automobile Topics	360
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	364

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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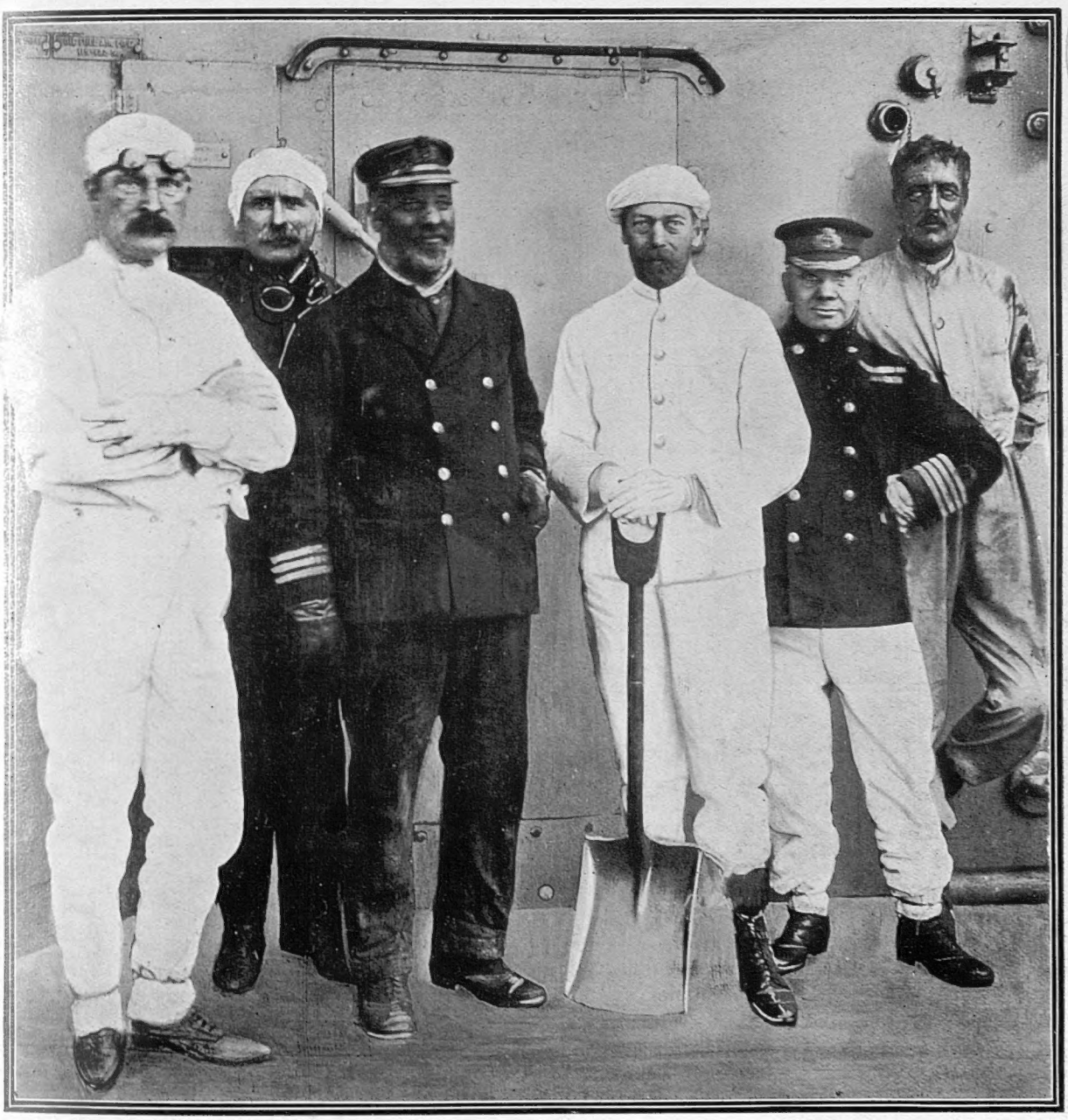


SIR FRANCIS HOPWOOD, G.C.M.G. SIR A. BIGGE ENG.-COM. AYRES THE PRINCE The *Indomitable's* Captain, CAPT. G. HERBERT KING-HALL, C.V.O. LORD ANNALY

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS STOKER: A NOTABLE GROUP ON BOARD THE "INDOMITABLE"

The Prince of Wales's half-hour's stoking in the "Indomitable" during her record-breaking voyage from Canada has made the ship even more famous than before. The Prince, in stoker's clothes, followed by Sir Francis Hopwood, G.C.M.G., Sir A. Bigge, Lord Annaly, Captain Godfrey Faussett, and others, including Captain H. G. King-Hall, C.V.O., who commands the "Indomitable," went down into the stoke-hole, and stoked for half an hour, shovelling the coal from the bunkers and then into the furnace. Our photograph was taken on board the "Indomitable" after the Prince had done his half-hour's strenuous work. Sir Francis Hopwood has just received the G.C.M.G., and Captain King-Hall the C.V.O.

The Kaiser Follows M. Fallières North

HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE KING OF SWEDEN

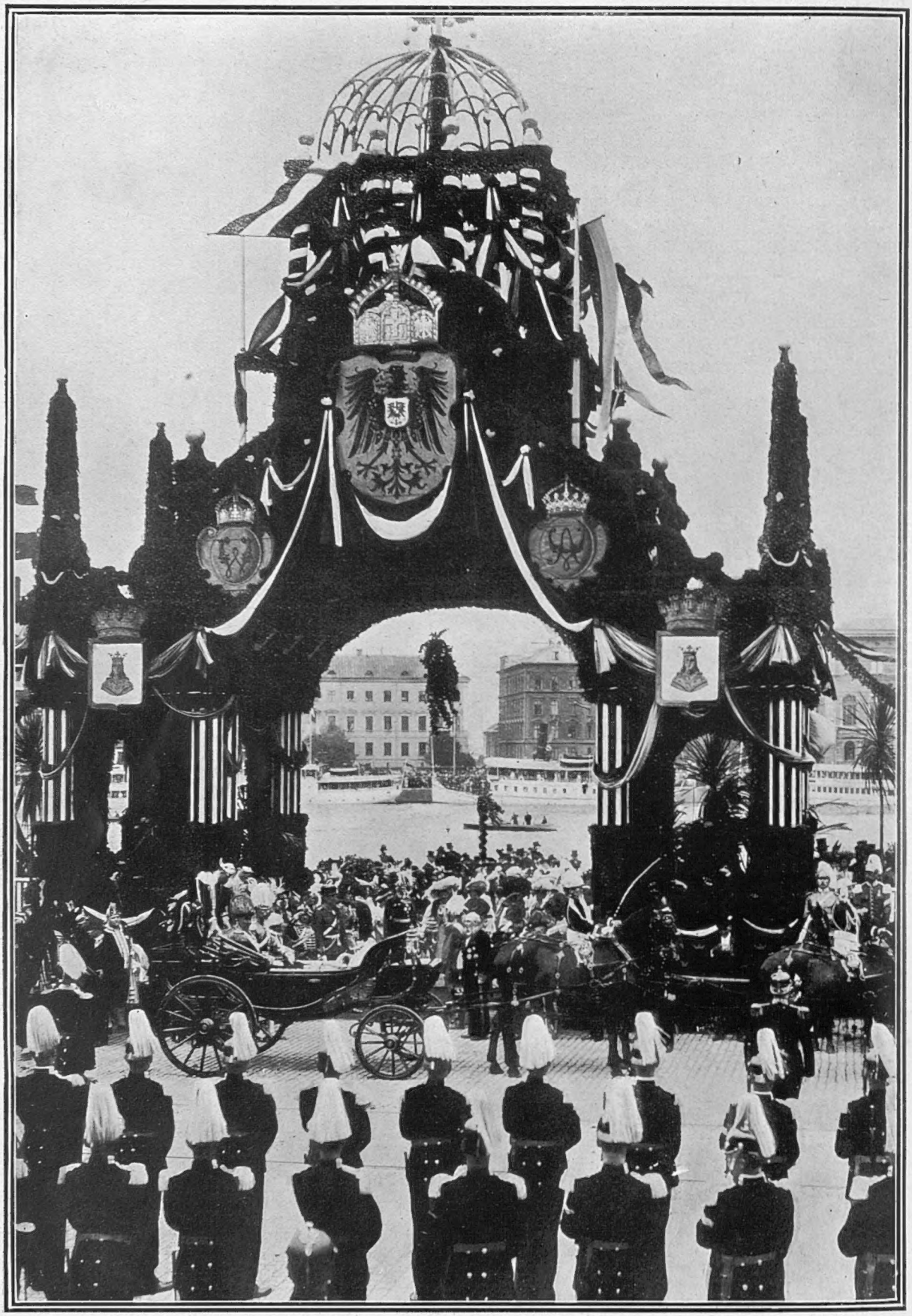


Photo *Topical Agency*

THE ARRIVAL: KING GUSTAV AND HIS ROYAL GUEST IN THE STATE CARRIAGE ON THE QUAY AT STOCKHOLM

The Kaiser continues to exert himself considerably in the North, and no sooner is President Fallières home again after his calls on the Kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and his visit to the Tsar, than his Imperial Majesty is "on the spot" again alert as usual. Stockholm decorated itself for the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to King Gustav, and the Quay was particularly gorgeous

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Cowes

Whether gossipy Cowes—or, rather, gossipy London at Cowes—has gossiped quite as much as usual this year, who shall say? Possibly more than usual, for there has been so little else to do; and, perhaps, there has been a shadow of a shade more than usual to gossip about. Possibly, too, the gossip has made London at Cowes a shadow of a shade less dull than it seemed to be. However, at the Royal Yacht Squadron dance, given at Miss Cust's house (lent for the occasion), and at some other functions, there were quite a few smart men and women, and a bevy of well-dressed beauties.

* * *

A Disappearing Duchess

Though many well-known people were to be seen in the gardens of the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle and elsewhere, there are people who have been conspicuous only by their absence. Also, the things they do at Cowes have been done a little less brilliantly and a little less often. Where were the Bridge parties? Where were the garden parties? Where were the dances? Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester was away in Paris, and without her Cowes could hardly be said to be itself. The disappearance of the Duchess left Cowes the poorer by many a pleasant party and notable gathering, and Paris can scarcely have gained what Cowes lost. To Paris the Duchess took her knitting with her. She is a champion knitter, and at this time of day has provided her every friend with a knitted waistcoat.

The King's Cruise in the "Indomitable"

Quite a *tour-de-force* was the work done by the smart sailormen who prepared the *Indomitable* for the cruise with the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Prince Edward of Wales on board. The ship was in her Sunday clothes. The shovel with which the Prince of Wales stoked her is being kept as a memento. The circumnavigation of the Island in this splendid warship was certainly one of the most interesting things their Majesties did at Cowes. She proved her handiness by turning in her own length at a high speed, a favourite little "show" manœuvre, which the *Dreadnought* likewise accomplished when the King inspected her before her first voyage. Both the King and Queen made a close inspection of the *Indomitable* during the cruise, which lasted four hours, for the Royal party did not return to the *Victoria and Albert* till seven o'clock. Then, next day, came the naval review at Portland, the last big thing of the week.

* * *

A Royal Stoker

The Prince of Wales has shown the spirit of a true sailor, and has won hearts all round. The *Indomitable* has beaten all records for speed, the "wireless" has outmarvelled itself for long-distance communication. He went down into the stoke-hole in a white uniform, and put in half an hour of stoker's work, first pulling out the coal and then feeding the furnace. His

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Cowes Yachting Accident: Lord Ailsa's Cutter, "Bloodhound," Awash in the Harbour

The collision between the Marquis of Ailsa's fine old cutter, *Bloodhound*, and Mr. E. W. Ingleby's yawl, *l'Esperance*, occurred as the yachts were manœuvring for the start of the third race in the Royal Yacht Squadron's Regatta. The Marquis and his friends were taken off by a boat from Sir Thomas Lipton's *Erin*, and the *Bloodhound* was then run ashore by her captain in a sinking condition, and foundered in shallow water

The German Triumph at Cowes

Royal Highness on landing left souvenirs and presents with all; for, with his usual consideration, everybody was remembered.

* * *

The Sinking of the "Bloodhound"

The weather at Cowes was very changeable. The ladies, of course, are never nonplussed by the atmospheric changes, as their stock of frocks is so varied that, given rain or shine, the really elegant ones are always prepared for the exigencies of the situation. Boisterous was indeed the term to apply to the weather as the Handicap Race for the Royal Yacht Squadron prizes was about to take place. Only three out of the eight yachts entered were brave enough to face the choppy sea. Alas! however, for the calculations of yachtsmen. The *Bloodhound*, Lord Ailsa's 40-ton cutter, which had won the Squadron Race for yachts under 50 tons the day before, was getting into position when she came into violent collision with *l'Esperance*, with dire results. A steam pinnace from the Royal Yacht put off to her assistance. Sir Thomas Lipton's boat safely took off the Marquis and his friends.

* * *

The German Triumph

While we have seen a German disaster in the destruction of Count Zeppelin's airship, we have also witnessed a remarkable German success in the victory of the *Germania*, the yacht belonging to Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbeck, husband of the late Herr Krupp's millionaire daughter, in the race for the Kaiser's Cup. She sailed at thirteen knots, and won the race in the fastest time on record. If she is a triumph of German yacht-building, however, let us not forget that her crew were nearly all English.

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbeck

Whose yacht, *Germania*, won the Kaiser's Cup at Cowes. The owner married the daughter and heiress of the late Herr Krupp

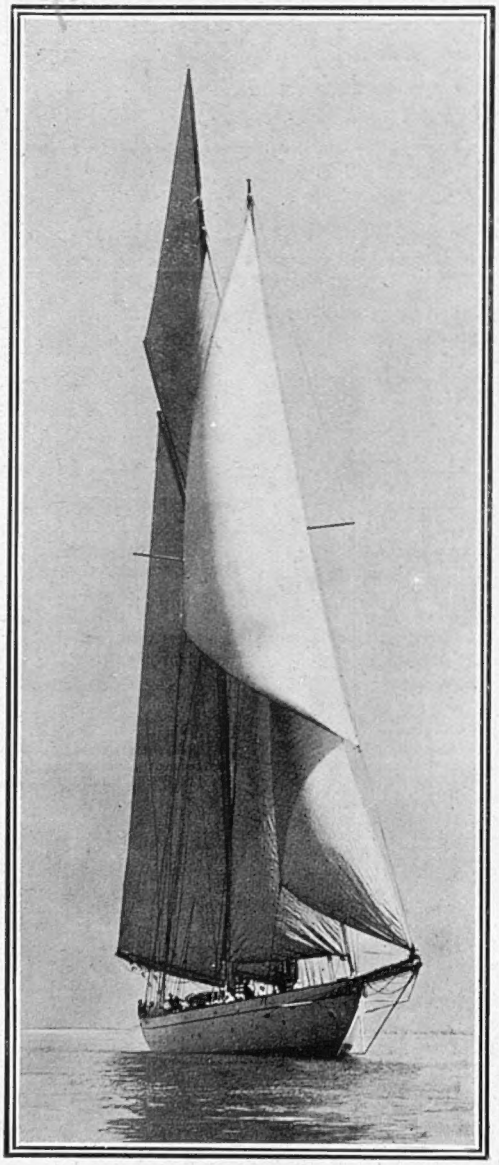


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The German-built Winner of the Kaiser's Cup

Germania, the new German yacht which won the Kaiser's Cup in record time, was built this year in Germany. She is a schooner of 386 tons

The King's Holiday

On Monday the King, after quietly celebrating Coronation day, left for the Continent, to see the Kaiser at Cronberg, the Austrian Emperor at charming Ischl, and to take his usual "cure" at Marienbad. After one of the busiest seasons even in the experience of his ever-active Majesty, the change and rest will be quite as welcome to him as necessary. To recall the King's manifold activities during the year is to recall a large part of the year's history, political and social, both abroad and at home. His Majesty's departure was the signal for the social exodus from London. The Queen has gone to Balmoral for a few days before sailing for Denmark, where she is to stay with her sister, the Empress Marie, at her favourite Hvidöre. While the Princess of Wales has returned to Frogmore, the Prince has gone to stay at Tulchan Lodge, Speyside.

* * *

Lord Brassey's Fire

What with the burning of three country mansions, the sinking of Lord Ailsa's yacht, the Brooklands motor-racing tragedy, and the destruction of the great Zeppelin airship, we have had a very remarkable chapter of accidents. Lord Brassey's beautiful home in Sussex was threatened with destruction, and the house-party that was week-ending at Normanhurst had all to be turned out. The scene, with the guests giving a hand to remove the valuables, was a remarkable one. Lord Brassey, after having had a special private fire brigade installed (tank and all!), with drilled firemen, found, when it was called upon, that nothing worked, and steam fire-engines from Hastings, Bexhill, and Battle had to be requisitioned. A storehouse of treasures was heaped on the lawn; silk hangings, once in the possession

The King's Cruise in the "Indomitable"

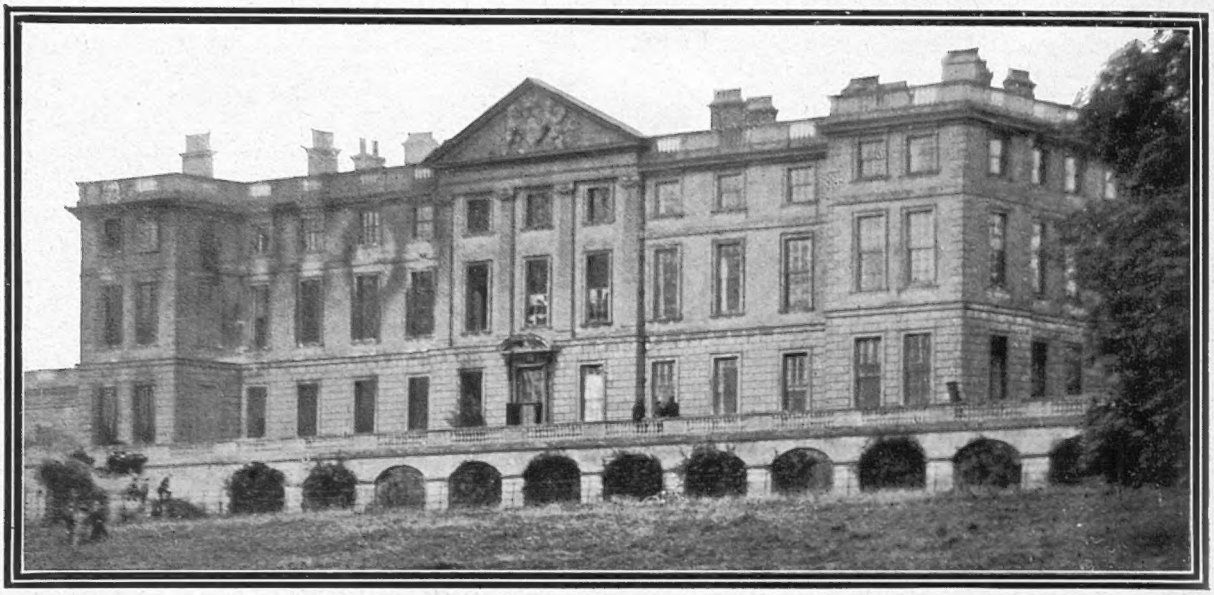
A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP ON BOARD THE FAMOUS CRUISER

Photo Illustrations Bureau PRINCESS CHRISTIAN THE QUEEN (note her camera) PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

HIS MAJESTY, TALKING TO PRINCESS CHRISTIAN (IN WHITE), WITH THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES NEAR BY

One of the most interesting events of the Cowes Week was the cruise round the Isle of Wight of the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family in the new cruiser "Indomitable," which a few days before had brought the Prince from Canada at record speed, and whose furnace his Royal Highness had stoked. The cruise lasted four hours, and the Royal party made an exhaustive inspection of the splendid vessel, the Queen, who is rarely without her camera, taking many snapshots. On the left of Princess Henry of Battenberg is the Hon. Charlotte Knollys

Two Famous Seats Destroyed by Fire



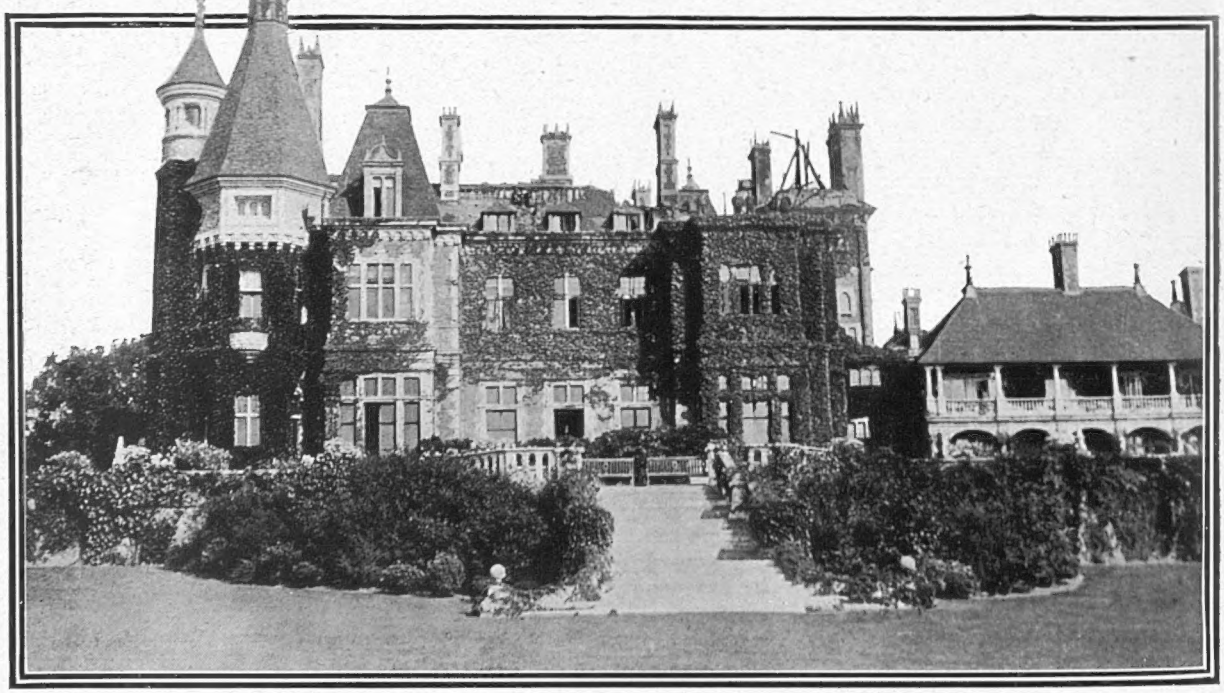
The Burnt Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham, where Mr. Winston Churchill and Lady Dorothy Howard so Distinguished Themselves

About two-thirds of the historic mansion of Burley-on-the-Hill, with a large number of relics, were destroyed in the fire which broke out at midnight last Thursday. The house is occupied by Captain the Hon. Frederick Guest, who had a party of guests, including Mr. Winston Churchill, his cousin, and Lady Dorothy Howard, for the "house-warming" which he was to give. Captain Guest had recently made costly alterations, and took up his residence only three days before the fire. The party were startled out of their beds, and appeared on the lawn in a variety of costumes. Mr. Winston Churchill and Lady Dorothy Howard especially distinguished themselves in rescuing valuables from the fire

of Marie Antoinette, lay on a wash-basin and writing-table Napoleon used at St. Helena. Then there were the gold locket given to Lady Brassey by the King of Spain, and some fine Japanese curios, books, and pictures. Lord Brassey did not exactly stand on the burning deck, but from the roof directed operations quite like a fireman, regardless of the dangers of tumbling turrets and falling *débris*. The house-party, of course, broke up, and found temporary hospitality at neighbouring country houses, but the damage to the fine mansion will take considerable time to repair, the loss being about £10,000.

—And Captain Guest's

More startling than Lord Brassey's fire, however, was Captain Guest's fire at historic Burley-on-the-Hill, which raged for five of the "small hours" of the morning, greatly to the discomfiture of the house-party, and also to the glory of Captain Guest's cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill, who distinguished himself as fireman and rescuer of relics. Also active in helping the work of salvage was Lady Dorothy Howard, another of the guests, all of whom had retired for the night, and most of whom managed to put on some day-clothing before they escaped from the house. The ladies finished their toilets on the lawn.



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Normanhurst, Lord Brassey's Sussex Seat, After the Fire which Damaged it to the Extent of nearly £10,000

Lord Brassey's fire was not quite so exciting as Captain Guest's, for it occurred in the afternoon, when some of the party of guests were peacefully walking on the lawn. Lord Brassey directed the operations of his private fire brigade from the roof, but, in spite of his energy, damage to the extent of nearly £10,000 was done

Turkish Delight AT THE FIRST TASTE OF LIBERTY

FLAG-WAVING AND CHEERING CROWDS IN THE GRANDE RUE DE PERA

Photo *World's Graphic Press*

A CONSTANTINOPLE STREETSCAPE DURING THE JUBILATIONS

The Turks went wild with joy at the granting of the Constitution by the Sultan, and in Constantinople thousands marched to Yildiz Kiosk to offer enthusiastic thanks to Abdul Hamid, while thousands more, with flags flying, processed through the streets. It was noticeable that the mafficking was loudest in those parts of the city, such as Pera, where Europeans are mostly congregated, and where their influence is greatest. Whether these dreams of liberty, equality, and fraternity are to be realised, however, remains to be seen

Two August Weddings

The Wedding of the Week

The Churchill wedding at Oxford was a picturesque, though really a quiet, affair. The civil marriage took place at Abingdon the day before. Mr. John Churchill, the comparatively unstrenuous brother of the President of the Board of Trade, is not a Roman Catholic, but the Earl of Abingdon, of course, the bride's father, is head of one of our oldest Catholic families. Mr. "Jack" Churchill was wounded in South Africa. He is now a Captain in the Oxfordshire Imperial Yeomanry. Mr. Winston Churchill, hero of the Burley-on-the-Hill fire, was his brother's best man, and the Countess of Abingdon, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, the bridegroom's mother, the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, Lord and Lady Norreys, and Miss Bertie were among the relatives present, the Earl of Abingdon giving his daughter away.

* * *

Few Lions

There has not been much lionising this season, although I noticed that the young Sultan of Zanzibar has been seized upon by several enterprising hostesses. His Dusky Highness appeared at a dinner given by Lady Watts at Chelsea Embankment. A mixture of guests was invited to meet him, the Mexican Minister, Prince and Princess Batthyany, and Mr. O'Hagan (among others) making a contrast in conviviality.

* * *

Abdul the Astute

Probably the granting of a "Constitution" to his subjects is the astutest thing yet done by Abdul Hamid II. "Give them votes by all means," remarks, with a smile, the recluse of Yildiz, "but give me the counting of them." Provided the ballot-boxes are scrutinised by the Sultan's own officers—as undoubtedly they will be—the reactionaries need fear no very full expression of Liberal ideas. Turkey is now flag-waving and shouting the equivalent of *"Vive la Liberté!"* To-morrow, it will vote—and the result of its vote will be to put in power precisely whom the Sultan wishes. Should he need any more violent measures, there are Tsar Nicholas and the Shah ready at hand to lend advice—for the Turk's neighbours, Russia and Persia, are the last people in the world to wish for a Free Turkey at their elbows. Nor, if the truth must be told, do certain of his Christian neighbours. Austria, Greece, and the Slav monarchies have all alike held their security by contrasting "Turkish misrule" with their own orderly Governments. Once remove that convenient factor, and Othello's occupation is gone. What Moslem will be content to be ruled by Franz Josef, Peter, or George, now that Abdul has suddenly become his "little father"? And—I whisper this with all sincerity—what about our good selves? Is Ottoman liberty precisely the best thing for British interests in Egypt, Cyprus, etc.? Is it not just possible that even the Fellah many think that a vote to the Parliament of the Empire to which Egypt nominally belongs is a better thing than kow-towing (without a vote) to Downing Street? If I hear that Sir Edward Grey is not active in his enthusiasm for the new era in Turkey, I shall be neither surprised nor, as a good Imperialist, annoyed.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Mr. Winston Churchill's New Sister-in-Law

Lady Gwendeline Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, who, on Saturday, was married to Mr. "Jack" Churchill, brother of the President of the Board of Trade, at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Aloysius, Oxford

Photo *Rita Martin*

A Beautiful August Bride: Miss Coralie Porter-Porter

Who is to marry Sir Merrik Burrell at Lisbellau, co. Fermanagh, Ireland, on Friday. Sir Merrik Burrell owns Knepp Castle, not far from Horsham

* * *

Royal Children at Cricket

Prince Albert and Prince Henry of Wales, with Princess Mary, are keen on sport, and cricket has been quite a favourite game with them. Practice teams of boys from Eton and St. George's School have visited the King's fine cricket ground and enjoyed games with the young Princes. Prince Albert has immensely improved as a cricketer, and little Prince Henry has fielded splendidly. Prince Henry and Princess Mary played a very exciting game at Frogmore lately, the former as batsman and the latter as bowler; and the Prince made 250 not out. The Royal children are quite a representative group of English youngsters, healthy, sturdy, and bright.

* * *

The Prince and the Empire

The Prince of Wales is looking remarkably well after the latest of his great cruises in the cause of Empire consolidation—the Quebec celebrations. If a knowledge of the Empire be the ideal test of British kingship, then indeed is it possessed by our future King George V. No living man will be better equipped for the great task of presiding over the destinies of the federated States.

Overheard in the Isle of Wight

Little Girl (who is getting to read quite nicely): "Oh! Mother! do let's go in! I'd love to see one being fitted!"

BY LEWIS BAUMER

Lord Wemyss, Ætat 90

The Prince knows the various Colonies from first-hand experience, the views of their rulers and public men from personal acquaintance. If less as sportsman—in the racing sense of the term—than his august parent, the Prince is a devoted attendant at the Sessions of the Lords, and has keenly followed the great debates of the period. At Windsor, not long ago, I was more than ever impressed by his alert manner and decisive way of speaking. Invited by men of all sorts and kinds, from statesmen to actors, for expressions of opinion on various matters, the Prince, in each case, gave an answer revealing close acquaintance with, and decided views upon, a wide variety of topics. Yes, in the present Prince of Wales the country has a man well fitted to attend to the actual business of the State, as well as the mere functions and formalities.

* * *

The Princess—and the Future

And in the Princess we hail a woman who is not unlikely to effect very considerable modifications in social customs, and changes in the present code of qualification for reception at Court, and a few other things. The *haut monde* of the next reign may be a shade "slower" than that of the present, but it will, I doubt not, include a number of honoured names, which are, under existing rules somewhat conspicuous by their absence.

* * *

Young at Ninety

The Earl of Wemyss, who attained his ninetieth birthday on August 4, will shortly be presented with his portrait in celebration of the happy event—and in his case the event actually is a "happy" one. Notwithstanding his great age he has not a single infirmity save deafness, is full of high spirits, and so good-looking that many a man thirty years his junior might envy him his keen, clear eyes and well-set-up figure. What he has not done in his time would not be worth doing, and he is to-day an active member of the House of Lords and the life and soul of every party at which he puts in an appearance.

* * *

A Determined Non-Week-ender

At the Coronation he will be remembered riding in the procession, as jaunty and confident astride as a boy, in the uniform of the London Scottish Volunteers, glengarry on head. Up to date in most ways, he has learned to drive his own motor. There is one modern custom, however, against which he vehemently inveighs, and that is the custom of week-ending. "The country will go to the dogs," he declares, "unless we give it up"—which is an opinion, by the way, in which his Sovereign shares. How can a man, argues Lord Wemyss, do his business as a legislator when he doesn't really devote his mind to his work on Monday after his return from a week-end party, and begins to get restless again on Thursday at the thought of starting off on Friday?

* * *

"Married This Morning!"

He was united for fifty-three years to his first wife, and a year or two after her death the rumour went round that his fascinating old Lordship had fallen prone to the charms of a very celebrated actress, with whom, it is true, he had many artistic interests in common. The rumour was set at rest in a curious way. Lord Wemyss invited a large party of friends to dine with him at Gosport one night. At each of the guests' places at table was laid a name card—at his own, "The Earl of Wemyss," and at the place opposite his another card bearing that of "The Countess of Wemyss." "Married this morning!" said the beaming bridegroom, as his guests looked their questions, and there sank into her chair the youthful Countess, niece of a law Lord, Miss Grace Blackburn by name. The marriage has proved a fortunate one, since Lady Wemyss is a "comfortable" as well as a handsome woman, and devoted to her husband.

Photo *Fradelle and Young*

A Grand Young Old Peer

The Earl of Wemyss, who was ninety on August 4, and is still as sprightly as a mere youngster of sixty

* * *

Lord Elcho

The eldest son and heir of the grand old man is Lord Elcho, a clever fellow, married to a daughter of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and the father of a variety of upgrowing youths and the popular Miss Cynthia Charteris, without whom no ball is complete. Among their greatest friends and their golfing comrades the family number the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, who annually pay them a visit in Haddingtonshire. Lord Elcho used to be M.P. for Ipswich, but lost his seat in 1895 to Sir D. Ford Goddard, a champion of the Nonconformist conscience. He speaks wittily and incisively, and used, at one time, to move the adjournment over Derby Day. He does not, alas! dress quite so well as he might; I have seen him in a mixture of black and blue by no means harmonious.

* * *

River Revels

One of the most elaborate and sumptuous fêtes offered to the Olympic Gamesters took place at Bourne End. That happy village suddenly found itself Hellenised, Japanised, and Americanised at a single blow. For Mr. George A. Kessler, of New York Lodge, threw wide his gates and some 400 guests poured into the Thames Valley and overran the garden ways and woods in which, in the ordinary course of events, Pan lurks with his nymphs and fauns. Mayors came from neighbouring towns, Governor Bunn from U.S.A., and many agreeable vanities from the kitchens of the Savoy and the cellars

A Yanko-Greekish Exhibition

The Parthenon and other Greek Glories of New York Lodge, Bourne End, where Mr. George A. Kessler Entertained the Olympic Gamesters

of Moët-Chandon. The gardens that Mr. Kessler gives were decorated with fragments of the glories that were Greece, and his hospitality was designed on the bountiful yet epicurean lines of an Emperor of late Rome. But it was the inner spirit of these festivities that really mattered. Perhaps it is remembered that a long while ago there were some asperities, or something of that sort, about Americans and Olympic Games. Well, as Lord Desborough hinted after dinner, amid verbal and other fireworks, all that was now blotted out in good-fellowship and happy wishes, in the gorgeous vision of the illuminated Thames, and the warm and generous congratulations of victors and the other people. Thus ends the strange, eventful history of the Stadium; and every one is, oh! *so* pleased and happy.

Mr. George A. Kessler, on the Steps of New York Lodge

* * *

And Others

Among the many spectacles and historical shows which now brighten English country life none has been more happy in inspiration or more cleverly carried out than "King Harry's Revels" at Lord

Photos New York Lodge, Bourne End, with its Japanese Lanterns which Illuminated the Olympic Festivals *Bolak*

Mr. George A. Kessler's revels in honour of the Olympic Gamesters in the grounds of his riverside house at Bourne End, charmingly combined the glories of ancient Greece with the taste of modern New York. He entertained his guests with a Parthenon, with Moët-Chandon, and the oratory of Governor Bunn, U.S.A., finishing up with Japanese illuminations and fireworks

Quite the Most Peaceful Pageant of the Season

Photo *Knights-Whittome*

A SCENE IN "KING HARRY'S REVELS," VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS GALWAY'S PAGEANT AT SERLBY HALL, THEIR CHARMING SEAT AT BAWTRY, YORKS.

"King Harry's Revels," the beautiful pageant arranged by Lady Galway at Serlby Hall, was one of the most charming, and certainly the most peaceful, pageant of the year. It more resembled the masques of olden days than the bustling spectacles to which Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker and others have accustomed us, and, as in those masques, many of the characters were played by people of title, Lord and Lady Galway themselves taking part among many well-known people.

Master and Mistress of "King Harry's Revels"

Galway's seat, Serlby Hall. This pageant has been arranged throughout by the Viscountess Galway, who played the part of Lady Idonea de Serleby in a dress taken from a famous picture by Titian. Lord Galway also played a part as the Duke of Suffolk in a fine costume of the period. Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine formed two central figures; Anne Boleyn, and Wolsey, and Jane Seymour also played important parts. Col. A. E. Whitaker, Miss Kate Ricardo, the Countess Fitzwilliam, and Lady Evelyn James were among the many well-known people who graced the animated picture of "The Revels," and called forth the delighted applause of large crowds of spectators. Such charming dresses and handsome actors, such glorious surrounds and careful preparations cannot fall to every spectacle of this kind, but when such happy conjunctions do take place there is no such agreeable and picturesque show for an August afternoon as these historic performances.

* * *

Quo Vadis?

The pageants have been so delightful this year that one ought to be satisfied, and simply look forward to all sorts of pleasant things next season. Of course, we all agree that

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go
> Around the sun-illumined Lantern held
> In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

But, still, there is an inclination to peer into the future and try to foresee the development of the pageant. So far, it has headed more and more towards respectability; but some day, surely, the spirit of the Directoire gown will fall upon it, and the ever-extending popularity of the pageant will become a taste for *mascarades* in a more amusing manner, until at last they will grow so gay and lively that the people who object to the medical statues in the Strand will call down the fires, and pageantry will disappear into that especial limbo reserved for British attempts towards the picturesque.

Photo *Ke'urah Collings*

Viscountess Galway

Who has been very busy arranging "King Harry's Revels" at Serlby Hall. She took a leading part in the revels themselves, appearing, in a costume designed from a picture by Titian, as Lady Idonea de Serleby

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

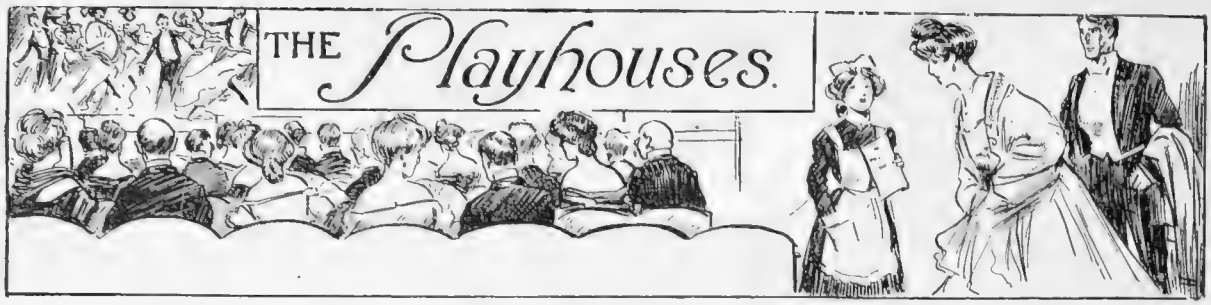
Viscount Galway

Whose pageant this week at his beautiful Yorks seat, Serlby Hall, is the pageant we have all been craving for—if we have craved for pageants at all—for there were no battles in it, no murders, and no blood, only Tudor revelry and music. Lord Galway took the part of the Duke of Suffolk

* * *

The Late Mr. Cobden Again!

After the Peace Conference, the Free Trade Congress. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill respectively regaled the distinguished foreign delegates with panegyrics in honour of the Cobden "fetish," and, as an opponent, I am bound to confess that the speeches read remarkably well. But then, what easier to glow about than the ideal of "commercial disarmament"? Even we ourselves could knock eulogies off by the dozen. The only trouble is the persistent refusal of other nations to join in the great idea. What Messrs. Asquith and Churchill are called on to defend, after all, is not Free Trade in the abstract—about its eminent virtues all of us agree—but Free Trade for Great Britain alone. That, surely, was never proposed by the late Mr. Cobden, who, could he come to life to-day, would certainly be in the van of the Tariff Reform movement—the only movement which will ever secure that universal Free Trade of which he originally dreamed.



By EGAN MEW

Adelphi Guests

For two or three weeks in August the Adelphi gives its hospitality to a new company of *Girls of Gottenberg*. Miss Fanny Fields plays the part in which Miss Gertie Millar appeared at the Gaiety. This departure, in itself, ought to be very amusing. Whenever one has seen Miss Fields—any time during the last ten years—she has always appeared to be content to reproduce her early successes, but in the part of Mitzi she really has a chance to show how clever and charming she can be. One hopes she has had the courage to leave behind her in the "halls" that "tink-it-ovar" which has served her so long.

"Lady Frederick"

Has made one more move, this time to the Haymarket, where her welcome was as warm as at all those pleasant Town houses in which she has stayed. As a matter of fact, although it was a hot holiday afternoon in August, the enthusiasm proved equal to the splendid performances given by Miss Ethel Irving, as Lady Frederick Berolles, and Mr. Lowne, as Mr. Paradise Fouldes. It is delightful to find that Miss Irving can still bring so much freshness and passion, grace and tenderness, into this part, which she must have now played several hundred times. The interest and charm of the play is also wonderfully preserved. But, surely, the Haymarket experiment must be the ultimate test of *Lady Frederick's* popularity. If the play can survive a week in mid-August there is no sort of trial that it can fear, and years more of success lie before it.

"Lady Frederick" of the Tour

Miss Mabel Love, who has developed immensely of late as an actress of comedy parts, will play the difficult title-rôle on tour. A comedy so vivid and dramatic, not to say theatric, as *Lady Frederick* is sure to follow the long successes of London with many provincial victories. Indeed, in some points, Mr. Somerset Maugham's play is more suited to the country than to Town. Those complicated transactions about the bills, the points about the letters written to the dancing girl, the rather melodramatic burning of documents, the slightly forced epigram—these things will be better liked on tour than by the hypercritics of London.

Dance Travesty

The amusing Salome of the Alhambra has been improved and enlarged this week. The lady who is known as La Belle Leonora now appears in scenes which

Photo] **Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. C. M. Lowne in "Lady Frederick" at the Haymarket** *[Dover Street Studios*

Where they continue their oft-removed success until such time as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy comes into being

"Lady Frederick" Goes a-Gadding

Photo *Bassano*

MISS MABEL LOVE, WHO IS NOW PLAYING MISS ETHEL IRVING'S FAMOUS PART ON TOUR

While Miss Ethel Irving has made one more move—this time to the Haymarket—with Mr. Maugham's successful comedy, Miss Mabel Love, who, by the way, has of late immensely developed as an actress of comedy parts, is taking the play on tour, to play the title-rôle to audiences of our provincial cousins

Happy Fanny in Fresh Fields

include some parody of the successes of Miss Duncan as well as the victories of Miss Allan. In their way, the music and dances are extremely gay and charming, but as regards their humour—well—there is still something to be desired. There can be no doubt that the vogue of "classic" dancing lends itself to amusing burlesque, but it can hardly be said that the powers that be at the Alhambra have taken full advantage of the opportunity.

Butterflies' Ball

One more charming dancer, slightly on "classic" lines, has been brought before the public this week in "La Naissance du Papillon." Miss Phyllis Monkman appears in this little interlude at the beginning of the third act of *The Butterflies*, now starting on a new career of victory at the Apollo. Mr. Hayden Coffin's place has just been taken by Mr. Frank Wilson with excellent effect, and the others—Miss Reeve, Mr. Bradfield, Mr. Giddens, Mr. De Frece, and the rest—are even more amusing than in the early days of the run.

English Opera

This August the Moody-Manners Opera Company will be seen at the Lyric Theatre on and after the 17th, when *Die Meistersinger* will be given in English for the first time. Many other operas, from *Lohengrin* to *Lily of Killarney*, from *Faust* to Meyerbeer's *Star of the North*, will also be produced, and it is hoped that some new work also may be seen during the season. In this connection it is just possible that the much-talked-of *Wreckers*, by Miss Smyth, may be seen in this country under Mr. Manners' management. At present, those who would see this native composer's work must travel to Vienna or Prague, for her own country has not, so far, proved itself very hospitable to Miss Smyth.

New Plays in Petto

Although a dozen West-End theatres continue to flourish, as many more are considering their productions for September. Early in the month as many as six new plays will flash upon the public gaze. Mr. Barry, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. L. N. Parker, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Roy Horniman, and Mr. G. P. Huntley are among the authors likely to give us most amusement this autumn. But there are also revivals and adaptations, such as Mr. Tree's *Faust* and Mr. Martin Harvey's *Corsican Brothers*, both vastly successful in the old Lyceum days. Mr. Forbes Robertson will be first to open the September season with Mr. Jerome's play at the St. James's on the 1st, and he is closely followed by Miss Evelyn Millard's *Idols* at the Garrick.

Further Productions

A little earlier a new version of an old play now called *Pete*, by Messrs. Parker and Caine, will be produced at the Lyceum, and also, about September 1, Mr. Curzon proposes to follow the success of Mr. Welch and *When Knights Were Bold* with Mr. Weedon Grossmith and *The Early Worm*. This piece is written by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, who also has a considerable hand in Mr. Curzon's production, on September 3 possibly, *Princess Marie*, a musical play with songs by "Adrian Ross," and music by Mr. Sydney Jones. After this comes the Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr *Faust*, and Mr. Frohman's American play *Paid in Full*, and Mr. Waller's version of *The Duke's Motto*, which has been prepared by the accomplished Mr. McCarthy. Again a little while, and Drury Lane will be re-opened with a Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton drama, with a cast composed entirely of stars, among which shine the names of Miss Eva Moore, Miss Marie George, Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, Mr. Albert Chevalier (who is now amusing Coliseum audiences), Mr. Gill, Mr. Adye, and a half-dozen more.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Happy Fanny Fields

Now playing Mitzi (the Innkeeper's Daughter) in the Gaiety success, *The Girls of Gottenberg*, which began yesterday a two weeks' season at the Adelphi. Miss Fields has left the music-halls, where she has long been so popular, for the still more musical theatres

Magic and Mystery

Are still the alluring subjects that Maskelyne and Devant offer to their audiences on re-opening St. George's Hall after the vacation. But they have added a good deal of amusement to their mystification. As the programme now stands, with the "comedy of marvels" called the "Philosopher's Diamond," the juggling of Essman, and the agreeable humour and music of Mr. Ernest Hasting's performance, it would be difficult to find a more complete and engaging entertainment. It appears to be the managers' endeavour to combine the best points of both the old Egyptian and the old St. George's Halls, and they do it remarkably well

Just Out of the Chrysalis Stage

THE NEWEST BUTTERFLY IN A SEMI-NEW DANCE

Photo *S. Elwin Neame*

MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN DANCING "LA NAISSANCE DU PAPILLON,"
The latest "classic" dance, lately introduced into "Butterflies" at the Apollo

Random Jottings

By this time, the sportsmen—and also the Americans—who came to compete in the Olympic Games are mostly back home.

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Under its new Constitution—says a contemporary—Turkey is becoming rapidly Westernised. England, it appears, is already regarded as a model by the Turks. This is the right spirit.

* * *

Ere long, no doubt, we shall hear of Turkish Suffragettes padlocking themselves to the Constantinopolitan area railings because they haven't got votes, and driving round to the Sultan in tandems to supply him with pamphlets on this topic. Kismet, as the astounded janissaries will say.

* * *

After all, it is not difficult to pass from the Harem to the Scare 'em mood.

* * *

The Peace Congress at the Caxton Hall has advised mothers not to present their children with toy swords and guns, which encourage the military idea in early years. What we should, as lovers of peace ourselves, particularly condemn are trumpets. They encourage ideas in grown-up people which are sometimes little short of murderous.

* * *

The Kaiser is stated to have been so greatly gratified by a German sentry who refused to allow him to pass when in disguise that he had the man summoned to his presence and gave him a sovereign. It is a charming story, though not unlike some we have heard before; and the only doubtful point about it is that it seems to cast a reflection on the ordinary vigilance of German sentries. Are they in the habit of "passing" disguised people?

* * *

The Triumph

["*Mr. Henry Farman is . . . the popular idol. To speak frankly, Americans treated even the most circumstantial accounts of the aeroplane flights in Europe with suspicion.*"—DAILY TELEGRAPH.]

Farman, you've triumphed. 'Tisn't that they're crying
Your fame up as "Air-King" and "Ether-clef,"
But that you've taught them there's an art of "Flying,"
Without omitting the initial "F."

* * *

By the way, there seems to have been an error in the cables stating that Mr. Carpenter, who was disqualified by the Olympic judges in the 400 metres race, was to receive from the New York Committee "a consolation cup." Surely this should read "condonation cup"?

* * *

Mr. Zangwill's contention, put forward at the third anniversary of the Jewish Territorial Organisation, that "a Jew takes to the soil as a duck takes to the water," appears to be eminently true. Some of our finest country estates are, of course, in the hands of Jews.

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Hayes-fever is said to be raging in the United States. The symptoms are a hot head, streaming eyes, and much resort to pocket-handkerchiefs.

* * *

According to the *Daily Mail*, a Captain Musgrave has brought back from Colombia "a plant with a brain." It seems a pity that some of our half-penny journals cannot exchange their plant for Captain Musgrave's.

Photo *White*

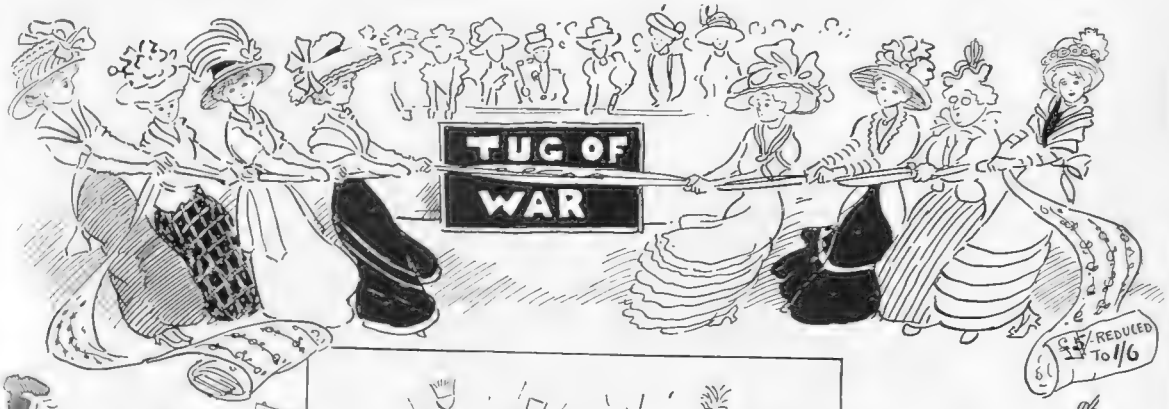
An Attraction for the Tourists (American or Otherwise) at the Tower

Visitors to the Tower of London have been asking the history of the cat whose tombstone adorns the somewhat arid moat. It has no history, except that it lived on fish. Did it die of a surfeit of lampreys, like a well-known historical personage? "Dick" (for that was Tom's name) was the pet of one of the Yeomen of the Tower, Richard Stone, who erected this monument to its memory

What Shall We Do with Our Stadium?

A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

The great drapery houses might get up Bargain Sale Competitions

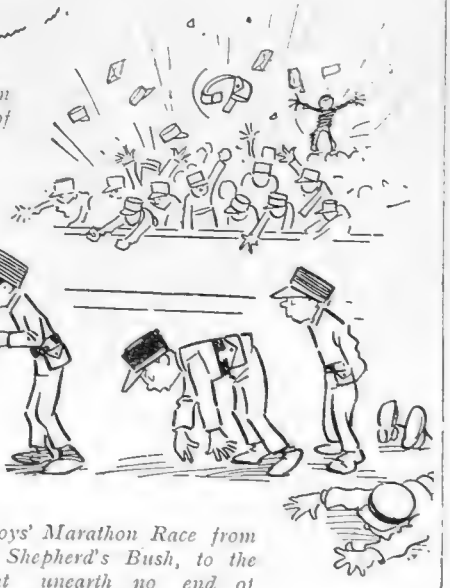


Or the Suffragettes might use it as a drill ground. "Putting the Cop" would naturally be the great event, and alone would fill the seats

Mary Jane "Throwing the Dishus" (Crown Derby Pattern) would draw thousands of delighted domestics

A Baby-Walking Competition would be a popular attraction

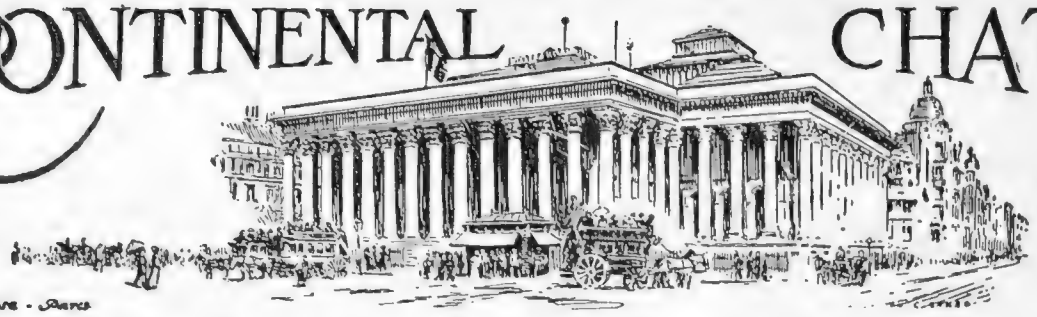
A Funny Story Competition might be held, when doubtless the American representative would be disqualified for boring



A Telegraph Boys' Marathon Race from the Post Office, Shepherd's Bush, to the Stadium might unearth no end of speedy talent

BY RALPH HODGSON

CONTINENTAL CHAT



King Edward and Marienbad

The Marienbad season is already in full swing. Health-seekers are streaming in by the thousand, and as the accommodation falls considerably short of the demand, every habitable nook or cranny being in request, to be able to sleep in a bathroom is a luxury for those who have not retained their places beforehand. The Golf Club tea-room is becoming more and more fashionable, as the King is a member. It is expected that his Majesty will honour it with parties of his own. Tennis is still more popular than golf. The obese have found it as good a cure as the waters, and much more palatable; and pleasanter at any rate than the famous mud-baths! Anyhow, it is good fun for the onlooker to see these energetic players of all dimensions enjoying the sport with more zest than skill. The arrival of King Edward is, of course, the sensation of the season, and his American followers are even more numerous than the English.

* * *

Some Marienbadders

The New York gentleman who pays a big sum for the honour of occupying his Majesty's suite of rooms at the Weimar had to vacate on the 6th, so that the new wallpaper could be placed before the arrival of the King. The Duc d'Orleans is here, and has breakfasted several times with an Egyptian Prince, who defies his doctor, eats big and indigestible dinners, and invites other *Kur* guests to join him. Princess Stephanie and her husband are taking the mud-baths. There seems to be little truth in the recent statements that their castle was to be sold to pay the Princess's debts. The wife of the American Consul-General in Dresden is taking each of her compatriots in turn to tea at the Rübezall, and M. Doehme (Mme. Nordica's ex-husband) does not disguise the fact that he is looking for another rich American wife. Marienbad this year is uncomfortably full. The hotel and lodging-house keepers are doing a roaring trade, and yet few seem enterprising enough to put up new establishments. I hear from England that the Marienbad Express being crowded, it is necessary to secure a place at least ten days in advance.

Photos M. Jean Lanes

Bolak Mlle. Fallières

The Wedding of the Year in Paris: The President's Secretary and the President's Daughter

Married in Paris on Monday. The French Cabinet's wedding present was a magnificent silver-gilt tea and coffee service and a silver-gilt tray inscribed with the names of the givers. It is said that Mlle. Fallières is not in love with matrimony, but likes to please her father

Kidnapping in France

It is hard to believe that such adventures as those of Mlle. Bassot can take place in a country of such regular government and so amply policed as France. Yet here, in broad daylight, Madame Bassot carried off her daughter, motored her from the neighbourhood of Paris to Switzerland, and had her locked up in a lunatic asylum. I do not pretend to side with mother or daughter. All I know is that General Bassot, though *autoritaire*, as Generals are wont to be, is a most distinguished gentleman. He was at the head of the topographical department of the General Staff of the French Army, and his astronomical and geodetical observations are of such high merit that he was elected to the French Academy of Sciences and appointed, on his retirement from the staff, head of the observatory at Nice. I remember his daughter, a strong, hard-working, nervously active girl.

* * *

Charity versus Matrimony

To be doing something useful for the outer world was her craze, much to her mother's anxiety. This worthy lady dreaded lest her daughter should become a faddist, and miss her chance of marrying and settling down to her duty as wife and mother. She had a will of her own. They all have wills in that family. And the result was that the daughter, on the verge of thirty, took her fate in her own hands and worked with success among the children of the poor. Other Frenchwomen will revolt some day. When a girl with a *dot* like Mlle. Bassot's prefers to work as a nurse in a children's hospital to entering the bonds of matrimony, matrimony must be admitted to have drawbacks in the eyes of some French girls. I know a number who would like to follow the example of Mlle. Bassot.

* * *

The Strikers in Paris

The state of things revealed by the strikes in Paris is most alarming. When slaughter has to be resorted to by a working-men's Government like that of

In the New Utopia

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE NOW-TO-BE-REFORMED TURKISH CAPITAL

A Street in the City—Note the Prehistoric Horse-Tram

The streets of the city are, as is generally known, exceedingly narrow, crowded, and insanitary. The feet become very weary after the shortest promenade over the cobbles, and the curs lie and snarl at all points. However, street reform goes on apace, and slowly but surely old buildings are giving place to new (note the handsome structure on the right of the above street). A quaint old tram, too, plies to and fro, and the "growler" of Constantinople is hardly (if at all) slower or less comfortable than its London prototype

Photos] **A View of the Golden Horn and the City of Stamboul, with its Quaint Mosques** [*Halftones, Ltd.*

The view of Stamboul from Galata is only a degree less admired than the view of Galata from Stamboul. The former is, however, more interesting. As the Turkish centre, it possesses the most beautiful Mosques, and, of course, the Government buildings. The bridge across is notorious for its pedestrian crush, but hardly less interesting are the little wooden shanties—shops of all kinds—which line it on either side

The Revolt of the Turkish Woman

Where the King Walks in Marienbad: The Crowd on the Fernando Promenade

Where his Majesty has so often been annoyed by the unwelcome attentions of the Marienbad mob

M. Clemenceau, the situation "gives us pause" indeed. M. Clemenceau, who was so mild and diplomatic in dealing with the Southern wine-growers' irregularities, has not minced matters with the suburban strikers. And he had good reason. He will have to save France from a law-breaking organisation which has been growing to the dimensions of a new Labour church—with a creed of destruction. To annihilate capital they have stopped work wherever they possibly could. M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, himself an out-and-out Socialist, has seen such danger in the violence of these misguided men that he has sided with his colleagues in the vigorous measures which have had to be taken.

* * *

The Revolution Among Turkish Women

Few people know how great a rôle the Turkish woman is playing in the Revolution of to-day. For a long time she has been living in a state of chronic discontent, chafing at the restrictions and degradations of harem life, and relieving the monotony of her existence by sighing for the freedom of Western life. The modern Turkish woman of the upper classes is, perhaps, the most highly educated woman in the world. While her Western sisters are busy playing hockey and tennis, performing their social duties—and flirting—the Turkish woman spends her day in reading and study. It is not an uncommon thing to meet Turkish ladies who can speak not only half the languages of Europe, but know, in addition, ancient Greek, Persian, and Arabic. Schopenhauer and Herbert Spencer are favourite authors, and the latest English and French novels are the principal subjects of their afternoon small-talk. All this reading brings vividly home to them their own state of subjection, and they beat their wings against their gilded cages in despair. Up till now, the only way of escaping from this thraldom was by suicide or by flight. Few have dared to resort to flight. The obstacles in the way were too great and the punishment so dreadful that the poisoned coffee seemed a far easier means of rescue. Only three to my knowledge have ever reached Paris, one of whom is Princess Ouroussoff.

* * *

"Les Désenchantées"

When the two daughters of the late Noury Bey, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the Sultan's right-hand man and confidential friend, disappeared from Constantinople, it seemed like the beginning of a Revolution, and it was the sensation of the hour throughout the Press of Europe. Their movements have been followed with a great deal of sympathy and admiration by their Turkish sisters, who on their account have suffered greater restrictions, and have been even more carefully guarded. Up till recently, these two ladies have been unable to help their friends at home, out of respect for their father, who would have to be held responsible for their actions. Their father never quite regained the exalted position his intelligence deserved—for he had a European reputation—and a short time ago he died—a little too soon to see his life-long efforts bearing fruit. These two ladies are the heroines of Pierre Loti's famous novel, "Les Désenchantées," and many of the letters are written by them. The elder sister is a composer of no ordinary talent, having received a decoration from the Kaiser for her work. The younger sister (of whom we publish a portrait) has already published many Turkish stories, and could have earned her living with her pen had she not married a young Polish nobleman, Count L. de Rohozinska. Her graphic descriptions of Turkish life are always read with the greatest interest. Although harem life has several times been described by Western writers, this is the first time it has been painted from life, as it were, for it has been written from the other side of the bars.

In Freedom's Cause

A TURKISH RÉVOLUTIONNAIRE REFUGEE WHO HAS PLOTTED FOR HER COUNTRYWOMEN

THE COUNTESS DE ROHOZINSKA

Women have taken a great, though silent, part in the Turkish Revolution which has now extracted a Constitution from the Sultan. The most remarkable of the Turkish révolutionnaires, however, is the Countess de Rohozinska, daughter of the late Noury Bey (Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Turkey), who, rather than bear the oppression of harem life, escaped, through many dangers, to Paris, married a Polish Count, and threw her soul into the work of liberty for her countrywomen

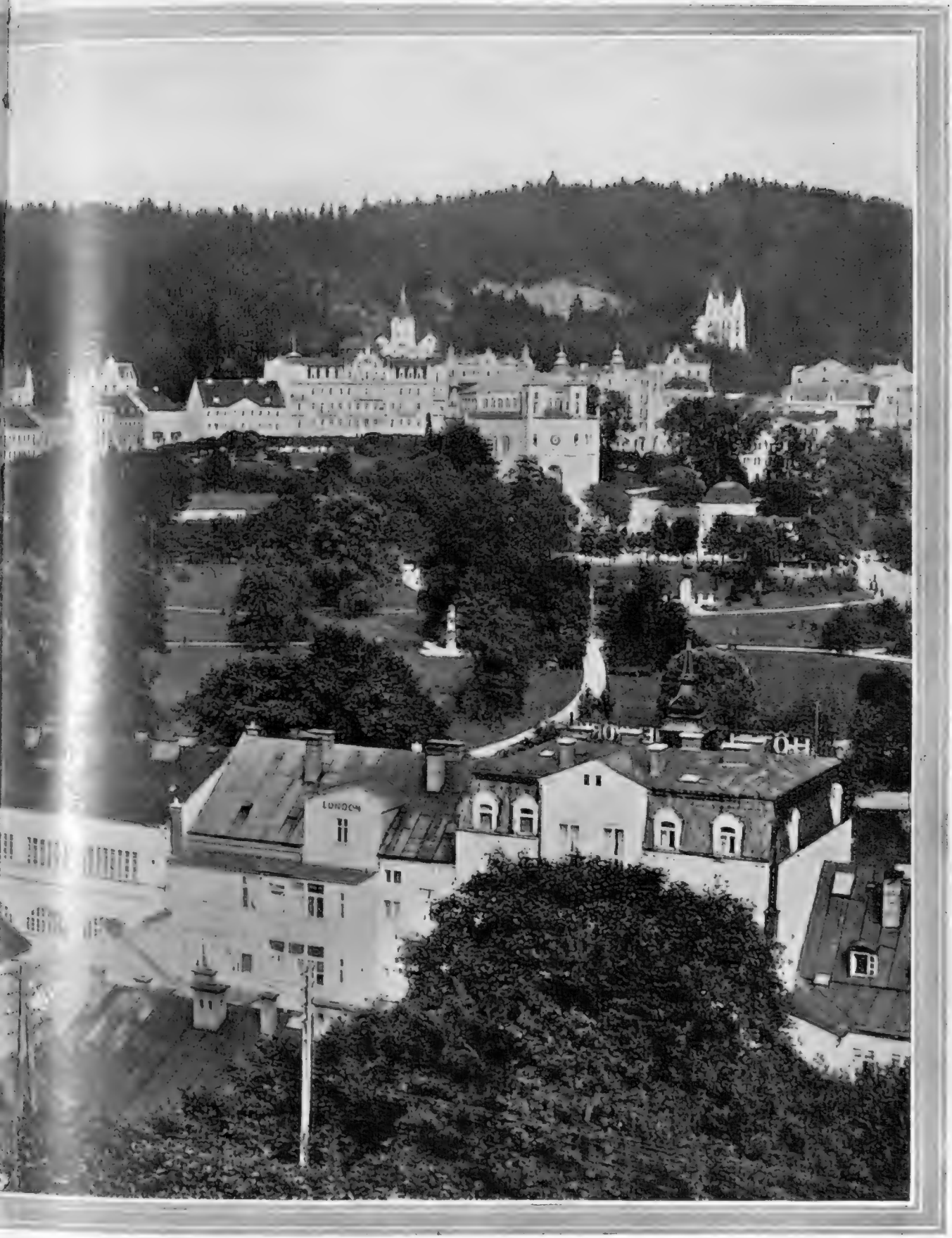
"Made" by King Edward: Marienbad, Whi

Photo

A CHARMING VIEW OF THE LITTLE TREE-ENCIRCLED VILLE D'EA

King Edward is Marienbad's greatest commercial asset. His Majesty, indeed, who is due to arrive there to-day (Wednesday), may be said to have created the little Bohemian health resort, for since he deserted Homburg for its charms it has become vastly popular, being annually crowded not only with his Majesty's friends, but with all sorts and conditions of t Marienbad is in danger of being reduce holiday health resort, as last year's crowds showed. Of course, many peop

His Majesty's Annual Visit Has Popularised



OF BOHEMIA, WHERE THE KING IS NOW TAKING THE "CURE"

Haufbones, Ltd.

e wealthy of most nations. In fact, to the level of the ordinary popular not exactly patrician element in its go to Marienbad to get thin, some to get fat, but for most it is but a change of scene for their usual occupations. They take their bridge, their dinners, and their late nights with them. Still, Marienbad is taking care of their health all the time, with its wonderful air, blowing, whenever it comes, over forests and hills

The King's Call on the Austrian

THE HOTEL AND THE KURHAUS AT IS

The Hotel Kaiserin Elizabeth, where King Edward is Putting

The Kurhaus, where the Health-giving Waters are Dispensed to

Ischl, the most important town, and one of the most picturesque, in the Salzkammergut, or the "
is a very aristocratic summer resort, which, as "Ouida" says in "Moths," has "nothing of t
gamble or riot (as, by the way, some of "Ouida's" heroes decidedly do), but is visibly of the
Elizabeth, where King Edward is putting up, stands in picturesque gardens, with pretty walk
has a villa there, for a few months every year, when it is crowded with a cosr